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CHURCH OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION



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A MESSAGE TO THE WORLD

by BOUCK WHITE

ANTI-WAR EDITION
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AFTER the Ludlow massacre, Bouck White, preacher of the Church of the Social Revolution, wrote to the pastor of the Rockefeller Baptist Church, suggesting that a joint meeting of the two congregations to discuss the matter from the standpoint of Jesus, might remedy our social afflictions. He stated that he would visit the Rockefeller Church the following Sunday to extend to them this invitation. Receiving no reply, Bouck White went to that Church as announced, and at the time for "notices," he arose to convey the invitation. It was found then that the congregation was thickly strewn with plain clothes men and police. He said: "As the pastor of a neighboring church, I am come——" But he got no further. He was seized by the officers, cast into jail, and sentenced to six months on Blackwell's Island. Privilege of appeal was denied him.

He sent this manuscript out from the prison and had no chance to correct the mutilated passages. Its timeliness will more than atone for the type errors.

CALL OF THE CARPENTER

By BOUCK WHITE

A Few Passages from the Book

"CHRISTIANITY needs to get a new set of words. The charge is brought against the social democracy that it is an inflamer of the masses. But the masses need to be inflamed. To be set aflame—is not that quite the divinest thing that can happen to a man? Prometheus was the saviour type because he was the fire-bringer. And Jesus showed his saviourhood nowhere more convincingly than in his manifesto: 'I am come to bring fire on the earth.' The Carpenter of Nazareth has redeemed the toiling masses from contempt. Conceived from an ancestry of immemorial toil, gestated amid the swirl of coming despotism, born in a stable, suckled in straits and poverty, he knew the sorrows of the disinherited. A free workingman compelled to compete with slave labor, he ate the bread of affliction and drank the cup of servitude. He lifted up his voice against the industrial oppression; therefore he was led to the slaughter. Golgotha has added a rouge to the banner of democracy. It has put a crimson girdle about the earth, to bind all workers into one."

"The Carpenter of Nazareth is Democracy's chief asset; to suffer themselves to be defrauded of him were criminal negligence. He is the greatest arouser of the masses which human annals have recorded. He 'stirreth up the people' is his biography in five words."—Page 305.

"The Jews are going to rediscover Jesus. They are the foremost among the agitators for a new social order. With Protestantism worshipping a Jew, and Romanism worshipping a Jewess, Israel is not going to be defrauded much longer of its heritage in Mary of Nazareth and the Carpenter."—Page 313.

"The cross that topped Calvary's hill, and the Workingman there lingeringly put to death, typed the lot that has been meted out to the wage-class through the long historic story. For labor likewise has known the wormwood and the gall; of it, too, is recorded a 'descent into hell'."—Page 351.

"Democracy is not perfect, but it is the least imperfect thing that the human race has thus far produced. Its faults are the shadows cast by a morning sun, and will grow less."—Page 355.

The Carpenter and the Rich Man

(Companion Book to THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER)

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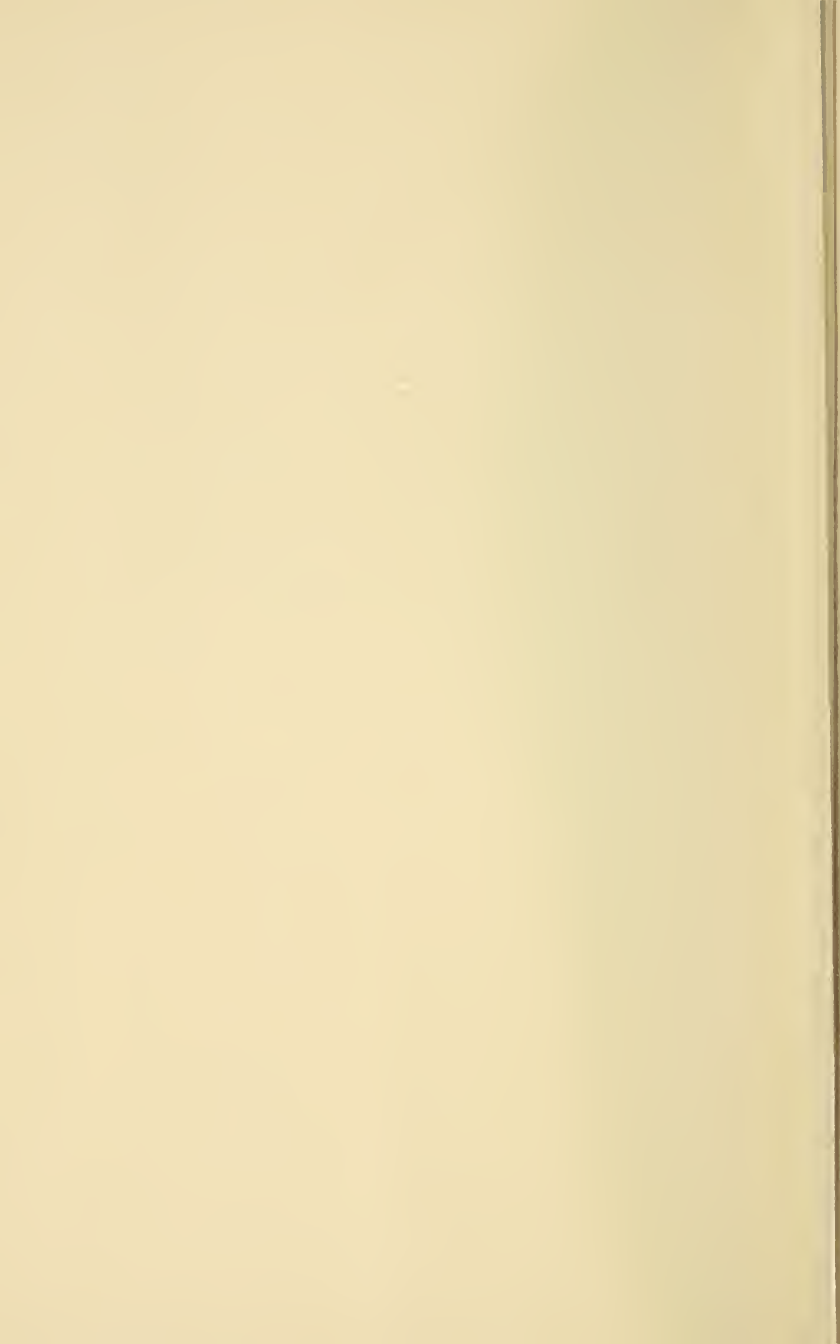




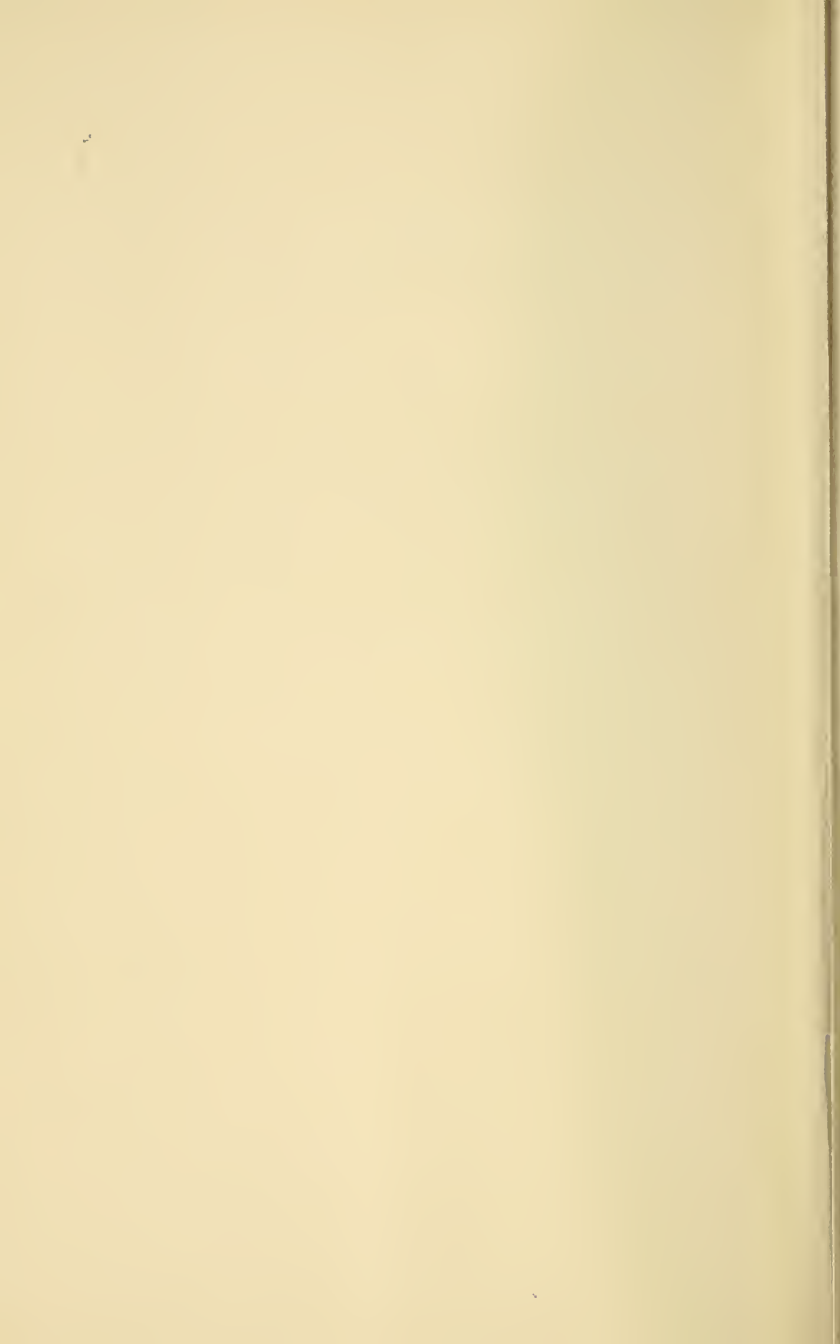








CHURCH OF THE
SOCIAL REVOLUTION



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OF THE
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A Message to the World

BY
BOUCK WHITE



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BOUCK WHITE

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Church of the Social Revolution

A MESSAGE TO THE WORLD

The nowadays world is a topsy-turvydom. That is on top which ought to be at the bottom. And that is at the bottom which ought to be at the top. The objective of the Revolution Church is to turn the world upside down. To the end that it may go thereafter right side up.

DREAMERS OF THE DREAM

Unto that holy task hand joins in hand. Tough-minded visionaries; they that are full of dreams every minute; all forward-looking folk; they into whose ear the miseries of our day speak loudly; these we are wooing. Such are invited to our colors.

You that crave reality; you that have distaste of an age of shams and make-believe, come. You belong to us. We belong to you.

You that have no heart to this soggy and soft generation; wishing your days under the sun to be

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lived dangerously, in the hazard of a high adventure, come. You belong to us. We belong to you.

You that cry after beauty, and would establish grace upon earth in the stead of this drab and very commonplace age that now is, come. You belong to us. We belong to you.

You that set this present evil family and its maxims at nought; you that endure the gaff, resisting ten thousands of people; you that can stand for the truth when the truth is unpopular, come. You belong to us. We belong to you.

You whose eyes gush with tears because of the world's bloodmadness, whereby nation is slung against nation and the people are cannon fodder, come. You belong to us. We belong to you.

You discern the might which is darkening down upon the world, and would set up a standard to which the wise and the believing and the valorous may repair, come. You belong to us. We belong to you.

A CONTRABAND CAUSE

Here at the start-off, we tell you that ours is a dangerous and contraband cause.

Therefore if you are of the fainthearted, the

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unspirited sort, come not. You belong not to us.
Nor we to you.

If slippers and the chimney corner are to your
taste;

If you understand life in terms of comfort and
sordid indulgence;

If you would that all men should speak well of
you;

If jibes, and the assembly of the mockers, turn
your face into paleness;

If the prospect of prison bars gives you weak-
ness of knees;

If you deem life, with slave status, rather to be
chosen than death and the company of the free-
born—

Then come not. Turn your back to us and not
the face. You are not of us. We are not of you.

IN FELON STRIPES

Which is more than talk of the lips. He who
pens this is in a prison cell. The judge in passing
sentence pronounced me a dangerous man; though
I am of a wholesome tongue, and have offended
against the law neither of God nor man.

For stirring up the people am I here. I have

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cried against the decline in freedom—money's growing might, chain's riveting around man's mind and spirit. Therefore, the prison gate swings wide for me. And there are bars over the window toward which I strain my gaze.

Furthermore this wrath of Wall Street promises to grow more grievous against us. The Revolution Church is a youngling. Her bones and sinews have not come into their strength. If felon garb is our portion whilst we are but a babe, what indignation of the world's anger will flame against us when years have wrought their work and we are come to fulness of stature?

The situation is going to be ever more tensely drawn. The masters will be cruel when their fear comes. Trouble is near. Let softlings refrain their feet from this path. Along it golgothas are scattered.

Christians, with fine naiveté, are highly content with a plan of salvation that includes a cross—provided the crucifixion will be done for them by proxy. We are drilling in the people a different doctrine. By your own blood shall you be saved, is our creed. No coward shall enter the kingdom of heaven.

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THE MATERIALIST ROOT OF HISTORY

For long, the churches of the Respectability have had their martyrdoms done for them vicariously. They have besung the bloody sands of the coliseum. And in heroic strain have vaunted: "I'll die at my post." Now, in the social war of liberation, the opportunity is offered.

All the martyrdoms of all time have had their root in economics. The issue was not called by that name. The economic was commonly overlaid with an obscuring growth of theologies. But underneath it all, lay that trinity of unescapables: food, clothing and a roof.

The materialistic interpretation of history, some call it. Stumble not at the phrase. It translates a truth. It neither bereaves the race of its halo, nor degrades the story of the past into chronicles of a pigsty and the kennel. To declare that economics have been the substructure of all history, leaves the superstructure unassailed. And of fair etherial stuff has that superstructure been constituted: of religion and poetry and science. The pleasant arts, all that decorates and polishes our life, have bloomed out of a bread-and-butter basework, as a blossom out of dirt. The economic is the

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matrix, in whose fecundating warmth all the spiritualities have had their germination.

Once again, in this tumultuous day, a fire that will search and try the souls of men is kindling. Combustible materials are heaping up. Wealth and poverty are sundering one from the other—inequality ever more steep; a contrast more and still more discordant.

Which condition is portentous of either slavery or revolution. Wealth is the measure of a man's ownership of his fellows. Spell it in other terms as you will, it doggedly comes back to this—domination over human beings. Much money places into a man's hand much mastership. The rich rule over the poor; and the borrower is slave to the lender. Distinctly the great fortunes of to-day are an invasion of popular sovereignty. Under the forms of freedom, an unseen empire is cementing itself, enemy to democratic liberties. Living at ease from their youth, and with the multitude under tribute to them, great lords have grown fat as a heifer at grass.

Shall these things be? The churches of the Respectability answer with a very quick Yes. Peace-and-Quietness is their divinity; who is very fulmi-

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nating and wrathful against social rebellion. With the laudanum of their liturgies they cast the revolt of your soul into a deep sleep.

OUR DIVINE ONE DANGEROUS

But I say unto you, their deity is not. There is no god but our god. Democracy is his dwelling place. Stirrer-up-of-the-people is his name. Where-soever a populace is in ferment; where the multitude is yeasty, where eyes are alight and tongues are interrogative—there is very good; sworn foe of stagnancy, creator of folk upheavals.

The true god is god of fellowship, and is a mighty terrible one against them that drive down the poor! A dangerous manifesto, that. It is a word charged with high explosive. Hot seed of revolution is in it; turnings and overturnings. Where god goes, man soon or late will follow. When the multitudes learn that the Most High is not with the luxurious but with the laboring, they will arise out of their sleep, and will cast the repressor from off the face of the earth.

Not marvellous, therefore, that we have incurred a strong wrath of the privileged ones, soft, abundant in treasure. They seek to stop us with

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gates and bars. But the teaching we inculcate upon the people is true. And shall be shouted. Danger? Man's job is to blab truth, let the danger be what it will. Heaven will conduct the affair to a good end. Democracy is god's middle name. Our soul announces it, experience reveals it, history confirms it.

Democracy, whose slow pageant across the time-field is the life story of the Eternal.

THE REASONABLENESS OF REVOLUTION

Let not the word revolution make you afraid.

Revolution is normal, when the river gathers itself for a plunge, and generates thereby a power not procured in streams of a placid and even descent. Both evolution and revolution are heaven's way of getting mankind forward. Ordinarily man can keep step with god by evolution's steady walkpace. But there come times when the Great Companion gets so far ahead that mankind has to run in order to catch up; historians call it revolution. Revolution is evolution hurried up. Ever, the inertia of the human mind is heaven's sorest problem.

Such a hurry-up call is sounding to-day. In the space of one packed and crowded century, a millen-

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nium's worth of discovery and invention and power has taken place. Machine production, science and its dominion over the elements, a freshly added empire of knowledge, have brought to pass a new heaven. A new earth to go with that new heaven, must now be. God is thinking in terms of the twentieth century. Man—sloth that he is, and always has been; a natural-born loafer in things of the mind—is back in the seventeenth century. Between them, a three-hundred-year's gap! The Revolution Church is god's call to men to make strides and catch up with him once more. Enormously in our day has the world increased in material power. But it has not increased in moral power.

To many "revolution" signifies blood. So that when they hear the word a horror of great darkness gets hold upon them. Well, brother, even if it meant blood, it were not so sanguinary as the present order. Not five thousand lives were abolished by the Terrorists of '93. Moralists hold up horrified hands at the eyed fury of it. The War of the Nine Nations, that does now incarnadine the world, takes that toll of life in half a day. The blood spilled in all the social revolutions since the world

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began, equals not the flow of life's red liquor in one battle under so-termed Christian civilization.

But I hasten to retract even the seeming concession. Blood and revolution are not predestined mates. Indeed, to safeguard the present crisis from blood-guiltiness is the purpose unto which the Church of the Social Revolution is risen. Not that we are softeners; or seek to dampen the fire of revolt in one human breast. We are valiant for freedom. We enflame man's cold and sodden spirit, a spirit too slow to wrath against the repressions that despoil him. But in externalizing that wrath into action, the ballot is the weapon we employ. We proclaim the powerlessness of violence. We exalt strength rather than force. Precisely to bring about an arbitrament by brains and not by blood, is the mission for which we have been born. A red revolution within is our platform. And the life religious is the tone and the temper of our doings—religion, that alchemy wherewith Cromwell transmuted rebelliousness into an ordered and passionate liberalism.

A beneficent and structural work, this. We invite you to lay your hand in ours, to teach wisdom to a troubled age and restore health to mankind.

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Have you education and cultivated powers? Here you may invest them with highest usury; organizing the social discontent, that the flow of its energies may be according to law and custom. Revolutions go wild, because the people of elevated culture, superrefined, draw aside from the multitude, thus leaving it to the leadership of minds that are undisciplined and overwrought. To cast in your lot among those to whom you can give the most, is the divine way; and makes for stature. To cast in your lot among those from whom you can receive the most is the human way; and belittles men into pygmies.

THE BLOOD-GUILTINESS OF BUSINESS

The slaughter sin now destroying Europe is the beginning of the end of the present order. A wonderful and a horrible thing is being committed: The strong man has stumbled against the strong man. Blood is poured out by the force of the bayonet. It spatters on the herb of every field. And the carcasses of men are for dung upon the face of the earth.

But be instructed, O man! Military tactics are not one whit more flesh-hungry than are business

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tactics. Competitive guns stand in close kinship with competitive goods. They were twinned in the same womb. Greed sired them. And that damned hag Overreach mothered them.

Business to-day is based on the survival of the brutalest. It throttles the god in man; lets the ape and tiger flourish. Blessed is the hyena-hearted. Woe, the man whose conscience is quick, whose sympathies are tender. It is an inverted evolution, slaying the souls that should live, and saving the souls alive that ought to die. Thus to organize life on a principle of force, and expect that force to function in the business realm only, with never a short-circuiting of it in mad military doings, were as sagacious as would be to admit bubonic plague in a city with expectation to quarantine it in a cautiously circumscribed area.

Commercial cut-throating and military throat-cuttings are children of one and the same spirit. Take from me the prop whereby I sustain life, you take my life. Shylock phrased it truly. A people that consents to price-cut their neighbor into a nation of bankrupts will, with the same lustihood, cannonade them into a nation of widows. To bombard

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a man's credit, is of like nature with bombarding a city.

The world's murder-madness is to many an astonishment. Looking upon the inferno of fire, they are ready to declare earth a candidate for the crazy house; wholesale incinerators for the slain in battle! That men in this day should cause their sons to pass through a modern moloch! But I say unto you, economic sin wounds more grievously than shrapnel. Had people imagination, they would see our competitive civilization to be one battlefield of mangled forms, writhing trunks, scattered arms and legs—all the human debris of battle. To buy in the cheapest market, brother, and sell in the dearest, is war; let the codes call it what they will. Commercial war terminates as certainly in militarist war as a tiger's cub grows into a man-eater when the years have wrought their ripening work.

We of the red host international shall make a full end of war by establishing fellowship, not only between competitive frontiers, but also between competitive factories. We are growing a new heart in man. You shall not do war away, till you have done competition away. When merchant marines are in rivalry, iron-clads and submarines are the irre-

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pressible consequence. Embattled shopkeepers make embattled nations, though Hague palaces uprear in every city and the people with prayers for peace bombard the pearly gates off their hinges.

INQUIRE IN OUR TEMPLE

It was not of chance that the Church of the Social Revolution was set up in the year of Europe's catastrophic event. Our soul told us that mighty things were impending, and that the depths were about to break up. We looked forth on a darkening world. Competition, sanctified by a pseudo-christianity, was putting enmity and yet more enmity between the people of earth. With inflammables thus heaping up, the flame could not tarry to leap forth.

In a day of blood and darkness, our Church has come to birth. As the old order passes, we have engaged our hearts to build the new, the divine order. Already, hearts that intensely desire a change, are multiplying. And their number will finely augment when the conflagration shall have brought the wealth and art of a thousand years to ashes. Let the maddened victims awake, with hunger looking in upon them, they will establish

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a judgment day for the perpetrators thereof. When households shall have been brought to a piece of bread, when the slain shall have been counted, Interrogation will arise like a strong man armed. And there will be a noise of falling thrones—doom of dynasties and of all that oppress the poor. Our Church has set herself to construct new ideals for the world, a new outlook upon the universe, a new way of understanding life. To the end that mankind may not be naked when it steps forth from its blood-path; but may have a vesture of brighter hue, and patterned on a new design.

A year ago, "Church of the Social Revolution" would have jarred the sensibilities of men. They would have accounted us folk of a wicked and sedition mind; sappers and miners. But now to sober and responsible spirits, revolution is a serious meditation. The climacteric doings in Europe are teaching people to think ultimate thoughts, talk in terms of fundamental cataclysmic change.

People are beginning to glimpse the nature of the present order, an order proceeding from evil to evil. And minds now are willing to consider a basic transmutation in the world's life, that would

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have stamped such dreamings a twelve-month ago as the rabid phantasies of a brain unhinged.

TO THE SOCIALIST PARTY

The Church of the Revolution takes from Socialism the reproach of anti-religion so pertinaciously brought against it; and makes it at last the full-orbed ideal that shall conquer the allegiance of mankind. Always, religion is a flaming flame. It intensifies whatsoever it touches. No conservatism like a religiously-buttressed conservatism. Contrariwise, radicalism when married to religion is of a tenacity that no shock of adverse circumstance can break. Times have been when this religio-radicalism has not taken counsel of wisdom. As with the Anabaptists coeval with Luther. But even there the fervor lighted up a city's history otherwise drab and dismal. And when, as in Palestine of the scriptures, we find the explosive combination controlled by sound minds and directed to civic ends, it has proven itself the most beneficent force that ever visited mankind. So that to the story of it, the bible, western civilization recurs daily to strengthen the well-springs of idealism.

An irreligious Socialism is a powerless Social-

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ism. Of that pattern was the Party in Germany. And its stampeding by the war spirit is the fruitful fateful consequence. True, to have withstood Prussia's military clique would have been dangerous. It is not comfortable to lose one's head for principle's sake. But the coward part they have chosen is proving more uncomfortable still. For on the firing line at this moment many hundreds of them, by ball and bullet, are losing their heads. All the pains of martyrdom are theirs, without the martyr's recompense. The death they are dying is every whit as exquisite in agony as any a court-martial could have inflicted. They die now as the fool dies. Their last conscious moment is a loathing of themselves. And they are buried with the burial of an ass. Comely and sweet it is to die for democracy. But to die in a quarrel of dynasties—an imbecile thing. On the names of such oblivion feeds fat.

The collapse of Germany's Socialism teaches the high cost of compromising. "But," they plead, "we Socialists are only human, after all; we were overborne by the warrior environment." The excuse excuses not. Socialists are called to be more than human. Always the social redemption has waited on the coming of super-mortals. Programs are

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cheap. A high-school brain can devise programs. Power to will and to do the program is the world's premier need. They alone possess that power who build for their souls a habitation in supertime—old eternity out of which we came, and unto which we are returning; and whose awful sublimities alone touch our little day into grandeur. They who perish for the cause of peace, live unto everlastingness. Whilst they who would live, by consenting to war, die; and are dead eternally.

To restore to Socialism the note of aspiration is our Church's high intent. We will give back to it the god-power it has lost. Socialism is a religion or it is nothing. Its supply base is not in kingdoms that are seen, but in kingdoms that are unseen. It is of faith and immortality all compact. From us shall go forth a reborn Socialism, impassioned, and marching with the tread of a conqueror. Not that our Church aims at political power. A moral suzerainty shall be ours. We are covetous of ethical empire. That so we may present to the world a Socialism more than skin-deep. A Socialism as big as the universe; reaching down to the cosmic core of things, and up to the high places of the Lord.

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TO THE ANARCHIST

Anarchism, when something other than a fury of demolition against existing institutions, is the most spiritual idea ever born among men. It affirms that man can be perfectly controlled from within. He needs not that his mouth be held in with bit and bridle, like the horse or like the mule which have no understanding.

Then come with us, my anarchist brother, and let us grow the governed-from-the-inside man you covet. He will not grow of himself. Against that complacent creed, modern science is conclusive. Man's native state, says evolution, is total depravity. In his unconverted condition he is a creature of the wild. The ethics of the jungle are the ethics of spoil and violence. Rousseau and his school of nature sentimentalists are a derision to men of science. The natural man is of the brute, brutish. And must be born again, e're he can be free from the trammels of law and courts and jails and night-sticks.

Order and discipline is not a weed growing effortlessly. It is a plant of long cultivation. Between the ape and the man standing before the cage looking in, what an infinite journey! And a journey

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uphill, every step of it. In the twilight of primeval forests, man came to stand upright; no small triumph, that. Aeons pass. Man fashions a tool of stone. Yet more aeons. He kindles a fire, and comes to behold in that flame the fixed center of a home and a household.

Yes, a prodigious climb, for man to reach the heights of order and self-control. Each child in his life career recapitulates this upward track of the race. The Revolution Church brings men, one by one, up this evolutionary ascent. We forge a soul inside him. In order that ruling his own spirit he may tolerate none other rulership. Such a soul will practice Nihilism on a civilization of whips and chains; on all exterior expulsions whatsoever. But until a man has learned thus to master himself, all powers in earth and hell unite to master him.

TO THE I. W. W.

My fellow-worker in the I. W. W., you have no use for the intellectual class. With set purpose to exclude them, was your name chosen: Industrial Workers of the World. "Only Hand Workers Wanted. Brain Workers Need Not Apply." And then you wonder why your efforts to overturn

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society meet with so middling a success; and why you are a disintegrating mob, fast vanishing.

Listen: Never yet a revolution in all of time's long story, but the intellectual class was the mover of it, and the chief doer of it. In the fifteenth century it defied emperor and pope, and started the modern era. In England it cut off the head of Charles I. It guillotined Louis XVI. of France. It formed the Boston Tea Party. And in '61 freed the chattel slaves.

The book education you affect to despise—know you not that libraries are so charged with social explosives that the time is like to come when their full use by the public will be rescinded. History is thick strewn with popular upheavals. Revolution is not a recent devising. It has been ever of old. Contemporary with the soul of man, it outdates the pyramids, and has written with pen of iron in every language. Where men groan and women weep, revolution's fire has kindled. Think you a man is less an agitator because he has communed with Byron and Shelley and Browning?

Revolution wrote the bible. It wrested Magna Charta from slippery King John. It was the coal of flame whereat the tongues of a Hampden and

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Emmet and Patrick Henry were touched to eloquence. It pinned the guns at Lexington. Penned the poetry of Emerson and Lowell. Wrought valiantly at Harper's Ferry.

But you in your blindness have put an embargo on the past, so rich in radicalism's fire and splendour. You would cut off man's rootage in the by-gone. With illiberal spirit you have been jealous of your fellow-workers, the intellectuals. And then you marvel that you have been rejected of men; and are decreed unto disappearance.

By losing yourself in the Church of the Social Revolution you will find yourself. In our fold, they that work with their heads and they that work with their hands shall be equally at home. We know neither occupation nor color nor race. The white-collared laborer, and he of the greasy overalls, in our fellowship are side by side. Earth needs them both. Therefore we welcome them both. The "A. W. W."—All the Workers of the World—are we; the reintegration of the dismembered family of toil. Building thus generously, we conserve those portions of yesterday that have value. Revolution raised to the *n*th power, must link, however, with the long succession of man's heroism in the past.

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Only those innovations are blest, that continue the ancient web with richer, fairer weavings.

TO THE TRADE UNIONIST

You of the trades unions are the aristocrats of toil. We ask, in all courtesy, have you not in your heart the seeds of a self-centeredness quite as sordid as any master-class ever that made itself great by keeping others small? You cry out against monopoly. But is not yours a monopoly-of-the-job, against the humbler, the mud-sill toilers? You are the front rank of labor. And you slam the door of opportunity in the faces of the hindermost.

You think to be practical by banning from your assemblies aught that savors of aspiration; the higher ranges of the soul. "Revolution"—you will have none of the word. "To sing the folk upheaval and grow a Socialism of the heart"—sentimentalism. You choose not to meddle with "dreamers." Shorter hours and a wage increase bound your horizon.

O fool, fool, fool! The trough cannot hold all truth. Your boasted practicality has brought you into saddest impracticality. You have shortened your hours by one-tenth—and the boss has speeded

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up your machine by two-tenths. You have gained a twenty per cent. increase in wages—and the owners have worked a like increase in your living expenses. Your fine agitatings are as a man on a treadmill—you walk much and get nowhere. For thirty years now has trades-unionism been. And the distance between you and the owning-class on the top—the social gulf that separates between—is many and many times wider than three decades ago.

Moreover, your fate is altering every day for the worse. Your leaders sell you out. Your ranks are sundered by faction's widening breach. Your solidarity is no more. An evil coterie governs you. The soul is the life. When the soul is gone out, the body bloats into corruption and a swelling blackness.

Not thus shall you win to your goal. Let the labor movement cease from her habitation on the heights to descend into self-seeking and material mindedness, she shall go despised among men. The Revolution Church seeks to keep her upon the altitudes, where repose her strength and her safety. The Lord of laborers will permit in his toiler host no privileged class. We all must win, or none. You have need of the Galilean, that master of workman

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all. Come unto him, you that labor and are heavy laden. He will give you the Commonwealth.

TO THE MIDDLE-CLASS

You wear soft raiment, O middle-class. You are tall-hatted of a Sunday. From work you go home to your six-rooms-and-a-bath. You tango one night in the week. You belong to a bowling club. You certainly are a somebody. Or on the road to become a somebody.

Know you not that you are furnishing yourself to go into captivity? See you not the economic noose that is preparing? Above you, the masters. Beneath, the unionized laborers. You are purposed to be a neuter; neither hammer nor anvil. So? Then you will be the bauble between, afflicted equally by hammer strokes and anvil hardness. Daily your living cost mounts. Daily the foundations of your income weaken.

You are brayed as in a mortar. They are swallowing you up on every side. Today money is king. Your share of the world's money is dwindling every hour. Lords of privilege and plenty are exalted over you. They reduce you socially. These times are your toboggan. Your glory is departing. Your

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soul is humbled in you. On a falling market are your boast and your pride. You are going small among the people. And are a reproach among men. A plumber surpasses you in pay. And vastly, as to security of position. Yet you account yourself of a clay remote. You will not own that your bread is buttered on the same side with his. You are loath to name yourself a laborer. You draw askance from the blue dickie. You wear garments of the masterclass. And think thereby to ingratiate yourself into the polo-playing set. Earth has few sights more awe-inspiring, than the middle class when it goes in for social climbing.

Money and Mrs. Grundy are the idols unto which you have lifted up your eyes; terrified eyes, and supplicating. Unto them you sacrifice your conscience, your honor, the respect of your soul, and the idealisms of your youth. For trumpery things that will not give you joy, you barter immortalities. Your doings are customary and standardized. Shall such a one trail clouds of glory?

Each day visits you with truths that would stab you home, if yours was a mentality given to thinking. But you don't think. Your masters don't wish you to think. A thinking populace is a bodeful thing

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for masters. Therefore they provide baseball bulletins, that you may shout yourself hoarse and strengthen yourself in the drowsiness of your spirit. The masters will do anything under the heavens of the Lord to keep you from thinking. And they have succeeded. Your beastly contentment with the present order proves it. You are cursed above all cattle. Cattle are the possession of another; and know it not. You are the possession of another; and know it not. You are not ashamed. Your present is dark. Your future is darker. The magnates play battledore with you for the shuttlecock. And amid it all, you retain the insensibility of a sixteenth century peasant.

From this mire of philistinism, the Revolution Church comes with deliverance. We offer you participation in an unpopular righteous cause. We do not promise you comfort and security. We promise you peril and hardness. Always to be safe, is to be forever damned. Than this, a more pregnant time never was. To be privileged to have your life-span in this so wonderful day, makes a majestic summons upon thought and heart and energies. In a time thus big with fate, will you sleep a perpetual sleep and return into the ground?

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Lay your hand in ours, and live. The Revolution Church is strong to create immortals. We will cause you to dwell deep; will open unto you "divine releases from the common ways," as Plato would put it. You are called to be great. We will multiply your dangers sevenfold, and your joys seventy and sevenfold. Your cup shall run over both with honey and with gall of travail. Lord God will pump his redder blood into your veins. And redeem your life from nonentity. He will give you spunk. So that you may stand for something. We are plotting a kingdom of God upon earth. And the evil tyranny of the powers of this earth will gnash teeth against us. But we are not dismayed. We make our face strong against their face, and our forehead firm against their forehead. It is more excellent to give one's life for freedom, and enter gloriously the congregation of the dead, than to prolong one's days in abject and crouching servitude.

TO THE PROTESTANTS

Some three years ago in New York, Father Vaughn on successive Sunday mornings was unlimbering his guns from St. Patrick's cathedral, against Socialism. About that time Bishop Lines

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of the Episcopal diocese of Newark addressed a meeting of young Episcopal ministers in New York. And said: Gentlemen, if I were you I wouldn't fight Socialism. If I have any vision of the future, the line of cleavage in days to come will be, Romanism and property rights, versus Socialism and human rights. When that line up comes, Protestantism will probably find her historic tradition fulfilled by taking sides, not with Romanism and property rights but with Socialism and human rights.

Mammon, O backsliding Protestant pulpit, is not your friend. It is the day of riches. Is it also a day of god? Never before was materialism so insolent. Never before was spirituality so impotent. There is in the people a paralysis of the sense of God. The Lord has forsaken the earth, they declare. Life's finer energy is chilled. The inner life is starved. The bright lights of heaven are dimmed.

I know. You are going to point me to gifts bestowed through your channels, a dazzling philanthropy. Eyes that discern are not glamoured by dazzling philanthropy. Freedom is more than alms-giving; and self-respect in the people, than a multitude of charities. With the moneys of the rich you are pauperizing the souls of the poor. Re-

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call to your mind the eras of magnificent decadence—a world externally garnished, but within, all delivered up to death. I have searched the chambers of my imagery, I have likened this age to a harlot. Though she deck her with ornaments of gold and daub with rouge, yet she is a harlot; under whose fair-seeming surface, decay is festering and much foulness.

The hell beneath, so thinly veneered by civilized make-believe, now is bursting through. We witness a world-conflagration. And the white angels of Europe are being destroyed at the cannon's mouth. O, you hang your head down to the ground, now. And you do well. This war is your work. O churches of christendom. Softly now. I'll put it as tenderly as can be. But the firmament above is uttering its voice. And we may not diminish a word of it.

You have taught strife instead of peace as the organizing principle of industry and commerce. Competition is the pleasant sounding word wherewith you cover it. But in your heart you know it is but another term for war. Competitive armaments are the outgrowth of competitive merchandizings. When trade rivalries face each other across fron-

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tiers, the professional soldier is inevitable. Discern the thing aright, I entreat you; sweep the cobwebs from the brain. When business is a battlefield, the battlefield will be a business. To such an ordering of the world's business life, you have given your sanctifying consent. So that now—myriad men-at-arms; a tide of horsemen like the swelling of the sea; and guns big and many, sounding a devil's tattoo.

Radicalism is the accusation you publish against us. We accept the word. Radical means, root-work. We lay the adze at the root of the tree. We take the Carpenter seriously, holding that fellowship is practical in the affairs of earth. The red god of Galilee is our leader. We decree brotherhood. We shall give to the human race one heart.

You sneer, O, I know. As we go into the mudgutter, singing the commonwealth and uttering our voice to the mob, you sit in the assembly of the mockers. Generous enthusiasms are "bad taste"; all the fine exuberance and adventure of the soul are placed under your social taboo. O, Respectability, what crimes are committed in thy name! But we account your scoffings as a thing of naught. We are the only Christians left. Of the Most High

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we are a faithful ambassador. We announce for earth a new dispensation, all vital with the power from above. Long have his mutterings been heard. Now he will be no more dumb. There is shouting in heaven because of us. We are the place where his name and his honor dwell.

Brother, you've got to think hard. And you've got to think fast. Your efforts at present to catch up with the modern mind, are as a glacier in a foot-race with an avalanche. So low has spirituality declined, that multitudes are saying: God is ahead; force now is the only deity; money is force; therefore get money. Marriage is penalized. Only the well-to-do can now afford a wife and children—to the abnormalizing of the sex-life in a thousand thousand. Competition's iron law is smashing the business men that are gentle and kindly; so that the good-hearted are ready to perish from the earth; for in a regime of claws and teeth, only the wolfish possess survival value. Greedy of gain the earth has backslid from love and romance and gracious beauty. The toilers have slumped into a generation of hirelings. Their labors are in the house of a stranger. They go to their work with a slack hand. Therefore they seek the dreamshop where

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open to them the floodgates of oblivion; they follow after drugs that give dreams in the daylight. The while you motor-ride with rich ones, and stretch your feet under their dining-table. You have never descended into hell with the miserables of earth. How then shall you be their deliverer?

Great is the age, and needs a great religion. Christianity in the modern world is a rowboat's rudder on an ocean liner; the engine is out of all proportion to the steering gear. Of the things taught in divinity schools, one-third are untrue, and one-third are irrelevant. It were as easy to rewrite Israel's wilderness journey in terms of the telegraph and vestibuled trains, as to hope to interpret industrial democracy in the formulae of the Nicene or Apostle's creed. The clerical mind, in this stupendous modernity, give one the impression of the sailing master of a fifteenth century caravel who should awake from a five-centuried sleep to find himself on the bridge of a "Vaterland" or "Mau-retania," and be expected to take charge of the vessel.

You have brought the world into darkness and not into light. Yes you, O pulpits of a nineteenth-centuried establishment. The darkening sky, and

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a Europe delivered to violence and spoil, testify against you. From you should have gone forth the word restraining the shedders of blood—the shedders of blood in both the business area and the battle area.

But the word came not. Thus there has been no collective conscience. The world has been bereft of moral leadership. Every man's hand is against his brother. This blasphemy you now have made of it, whereby blood is sent into the streets, is because of the sin you have sinned. If we, the red host, had been in control of the earth, and had brought things to such a muddle, right promptly you would cast it into our teeth. Get under your burden of guilt, then. A burden, the greater, in that you have stayed our hand. When we have pleaded for a world order in place of the present disorder, and have sought to awaken man from the bad dream he is dreaming, you have dragged us to arrest; have wounded us with the wound of an enemy. The one thing christendom resents is christianity.

“What then shall we do?” I will tell you what to do. Transform your churches into churches of the social revolution. This world, inferno-centric, must become deocentric; fellowship taking the place

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of competition in our merchandizings, our industrializings, in all the work of our hands and in the devisings of the heart. A right-about-face, that. A chinacteric change, and very convulsing to those who deemed the present ordering settled on everlasting foundations. But the change must be. Topsy-turym shall be turned right side up, though many the while eat their bread with quaking and drink the water of trembling.

TO THE JEW

To-day is for Judaism a crucial hour. She is parting with her ancient faith, and has found not the new. Her ghetto days are past. Past likewise, rabbinical lore; the talmud and its mustiness; the wearisome feast; Saturday's Sabbath; the synagogue with a moth-eaten ritual. Her onetime garment has fallen from her. And the new is wanting. Naked is her condition. And all exposed, like a snake that has sloughed off its old skin before a new integument has grown.

In these straits some of her children, dead to the Israel inspirations, are letting go their spiritual anchorage, to grow a sheer money-getting set of brains. They are waxing rich, so strong is the racial

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fibre, their inheritance. But they are not waxing noble. A Jew fattening in green pasture is not a majestic spectacle. An Israel sleek and greedy of dividends, is a thing despised of the earth; and the reproach of men.

Judah was not created for riches, but for righteousness. Aspiration is the stuff of which she is compounded. An aspiration, moreover, concerned with things industrial. In brickyards of Goshen was her nativity. From which day, a paradise for the toiler has been her essential truth and hope.

The Revolution Church is the blossoming of Israel's long era of obscure seed-sowings. We reveal her unto herself. We are a twentieth-century version of the Bible, that book of the Hebrew spirit, both whose old and new testaments were written or spoken by a Jew. This Bible, as reinterpreted by critical scholarship, is our text book. And all the world shall be a palestine of the hovering halo.

Enter, O Israel, into our fellowship. Here, losing your Judaism you shall find it. We are the accomplishment of the vision which you prophets foresaw of old. A spiritualized Socialism shall be

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the Messiah, for whose coming immemorial ages have groaned.

TO THE IDEALISTS

Seekers after the ideal, the Church of the Revolution is what you have been in quest of. To-day your soul is without a home. The accepted churches are stifling to you, and their outworn creeds a derision. But the other extreme, the worldling's world, is likewise not for you. The pettiness and soullessness of it revulse you. Its mirth is hollow, as that of one charged up with cocaine. You are a scattered sheep.

Idealists require an outer union. The Revolution Church gathers up them that are wandering; to the end that their diverging energies may coalesce in the might of mass action. Fine is the dream you are dreaming; and needs now to incarnate itself. Let idealism be married to action, the womb of time swells big with destiny; and a new era is gestated that shall change the mental map. Always, when religion and economics get together, history dips her pen afresh and writes a thundering chapter.

We are spiritually your kith and kin. You are unmagnetized by a religion whose absorbing con-

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cern is harp music in the hereafter. Your intelligence craves a here-and-now heaven. The paradise we are preparing has foundations. We are do-dreamers; purposing to live our idealism and not merely talk it. Head and shoulders are in cloud-land. But the feet are flatly on the good brown earth.

Hard idealists are we. Our tribe fights not as one that beats the air. We have enemies of a very strong flesh and blood. We are lifters up of the lowly. Wherefore we are gnashed upon by the class that is extortionately heaping up great revenues. A spirituality that has no punch to it, is a spiritless thing. We invite you to join yourself to us. But we promise you no easy time. There are battles to fight. We rescue the spoiled from the oppressor. Democracy is a warfare, and demands in its devotees a breed, a disposition stout and most warrior-like. The evils under which our liberties groan are not by accident. The world is wrong-side-up-with-care. Great lords with selfishness aforethought have barricaded the road that leads to freedom. And will not be moved save by a force stronger than they.

Our flag of red is the symbol of the world's

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wrath against barbarism—the new barbarism of the power of money. Our unfolding power fortifies faith, and makes idealism once more credible. Except under us, to what flag will you rally? Protestantism is a spent force. Romanism is a stiff-necked reactionary; avowedly an institution for organizing the world's inertia. That we of the Revolution Church go from strength to strength is the hope of the world. We alone have kept the faith. For we preach deliverance to the slaves, and plead the causes of the poor. With your strength joined to ours, we shall multiply as the bud of the field, and prosper into an everlasting center of light.

TO THE SINGLE TAXER

You seek to alter the basis of land ownership. And therein you seek wisely. In land titles, much iniquity is imbedded. To purge the injustice would lift a grievous load from the backs of men. Yes, the social reformers of all schools, have values of worth in their programs. We shout a cheer to you. We greet you. We god-speed you.

But do you not discern what is keeping your efforts from fruitage. You have a splendid engine; but not much boiler power. Except the people be

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vitalized into citizenship, with their civic responsibilities alert, the best conceived programs will go abortive. The multitudes are asleep. That is the commanding crime of the ages. Before it all campaigns of betterment go down in dismal defeat. Invent new forms of taxation; the direct primary; the initiative, referendum, recall. What you will. Until the people have been stirred out of slumber, your devisings will come to naught.

Herein our Church is your coadjutor. Revolution is the one mightiest folk awakener. The alarum bell of it may be of iron; and of an intonation hoarsely uncivil. But it causes the sleeper to sit up, and with both fists to rub slumber from his eyelids. No ear so thick, but the sound waves penetrate. No brain so case-hardened, but the reverberation beat through. Like old soil caked beyond what plough can loosen, and needing to be blasted before it will open to seed-sowing; so are the minds of the multitude. Revolution breaks up their brain surface, time-incrusted and packed by the tramp of immemorial oppressions. The upheaval lets in the sun and air; brings the subsoil into play; unseals fertility theretofore unthought of. 'Tis true, the concussion may break a few windows.

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But window breakage is a bargain price to pay, for fields reclaimed from fallowness and added to the tillable acreage.

Revolution is the soul's restorative. It is the fountain of the world's youth, where life forever rejuvenescences. Cases are authentically established where its saving strength has plucked humanity's feet from hell. Revolution is in the kingdom of the economic what romance is in the kingdom of sex—the replenisher of idealisms, kindler of faith, revealer of God to man.

Our Church is the angel of the resurrection to soul's that are dead in comfort and civic negligence. We are coupling a fervor veritably evangelistic, with the most modern social idealism. Herein you, O single taxer, are of like spirit with us. "Progress and Poverty" was more a contribution to the life spiritual than to the life economic. It was a great book because greatly religious. We justify a fanatical state of intensity in the soul. And then we hitch this restive and pawing enthusiasm onto the lumbering vehicle of social reform. The sanctification of the civic is the task to which we have engaged our heart. The Church of the Social Revolution invites you, O deviser of beneficent reforms.

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In recompense she will bring to pass the purpose your mind has conceived and unto which your spirit is so singly and so signally intent.

TO THE IDLER

To the Socialist our Church has uttered its voice; to the Trade-unionist likewise; the I. W. W.; the Protestant; the middleclass; the Jew; the idealist; and the social reformer. With one other group we speak—the idler class.

What manner of words shall we address to you, indolent one, sitting in the sun? Kindly words? But you are living off the labors of another. How shall one speak in kindly words with such. You are on another's back whose one pair of legs must carry his weight and yours. You ask: "Wherein am I on another's back?" In that you consume without producing. That is the iniquity of your sin, and the great transgression. Whatsoever you eat, whatsoever you use, is of the sweat of somebody's brow. You neither toil nor spin. Yet you feed delicately. And are clothed as Solomon never was. You suck the arterial blood of the poor. The persons of men are your merchandise. You eat our harvest. You spend up the toil of our hands.

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With the wares of our making your house filled. You are of gentle carriage. But in the person of your rent collector and agents you do after the manner of all the destroyers that ever afflicted and cumbered the earth.

For an able-bodied man or woman to live without work, is an ignobility for whose reproof some form of pillory or stocks or ducking stool will have to be devised. Such a one disgraces the mother who bore him, the father that bred him, and the social system that tolerates him. If you are of such, my brother, and are of set mind to remain such, then on you the Revolution Church opens war. The thoughts that we think towards you are thoughts of menace and not of amity. We teach rebellion against you. Your anger will be kindled. But we have purposed it, and will not turn back from it. Our bearing toward you is super-altruism—the loving kindness of a surgeon who cuts a wen from your neck with a knife very strong and sharp. Despite your clean linen, your person so tubbed and groomed and faultless, there is about you a squint of the cannibal. The marrow of men is your food. And their sweat is the wine you drink. Therefore between us and you we build a wall of demarcation.

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We put enmity between a slave and his master. Time out of mind, the attempt has been to persuade rich men from their riches. The ancient authors are full of it. With sincerity, and oftentimes an excellent eloquence, they preach the deceit of riches, the inquietudes that go with much gold, the hallowness of the satisfaction afforded by it. It has been the theme of poets. The discourse of philosophers. Topic perrenial of platform oratory. Yet it is doubtful if it ever made a single convert, or deterred one man from the gilded path. The idler will not of his own volition get off the toiler's back. The toiler must shake him off. A business, moreover, salutary to both the shaker and the shaken.

You have passed the time appointed, brother. In array against you are the stars in their courses, the Church of the Social Revolution, and God the Eternal. We of the fellowship host already are not few. Like a flood we are coming up. We shall cover the earth. Your silver and your gold shall not be able to deliver you. In a work-universe you are workless. You are dainty; are very exacting of life. You teach the infernal code that women and children must walk the treadmill, that you may live

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at ease. Therefore we set against you from every side. As the noise of a host we are gathering ourselves. We shall mar your pride. And bid you come down from your glory.

Be advised. The one thing a swollen fortune may righteously do, is to dedicate itself to revolutionary propaganda, in order that swollen fortunes thereafter may be impossible. The Revolution Church offers its hand, to lead you in the more excellent way. With us, earning what you consume, you shall eat the bread of self-respect; and it shall be as honey for sweetness. Taste and see that comradeship is above rubies. So shall you be pure from extortion, that brutalizes the soul. You shall see that hand joined in equal hand rejoices the soul more than men-servants; and neighborliness, than the pomp of a rich house.

A WORLD BLEEDING TO DEATH

While the above has been writing the world war has been progressing. Most of my time has been in manual labor, leaving only snatched moments of daylight in my cell for pen work. So that to pen these sheets has taken me more than a month. During which time the crisis for civiliza-

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tion has progressively darkened. And is glooming now into a climax of horror. This present order of society is bleeding to death. Killing by machinery is doing its proper work. Yes, has already done it. The mortal wound has been dealt. Whether peace comes soon, now is an indifferent thing. The veins have been opened. And are pouring out life's liquor beyond surgery to staunch. Reports come in to the prison here, that humanitarian souls are organizing peace parades. And concerted prayers. But the armies clash ever more bloodily. Rival navies, too, unloose their fearful blood-lettings; so that there is sorrow on the sea. It cannot be quiet. As though the devils of war could be exercised by sentimentalisms howsoever pious. War is not a local sore on the body human. It is a disease of the tissues and nerves and brain and circulatory fluid. It will not yield except by an alterative that shall change the system totally.

There needs a new temper in the world's work. We behold an unevangelized commerce; an unevangelized statecraft. It is the organized ethics of barbarism. In themselves, these have a harmless look. But in the end they bite with a serpent's bite and sting like an adder. Many have been deceived

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by the seedling whilst it was young and tender-looking. Now, however, it has come to its bloom in the red blossoms of battle. And the most unimaginative perceives it a plant poisonous and dripping with bane.

The wise men of the nations meet in peace congresses. To heal the sick earth, they use many medicines. And marvel at their want of success. War is a boil on the world's body. And indicates that the blood is sick. The more boils, the more sickness of the blood. At this moment the world is boils from the crown of its head to the sole of its feet. Cure this thing with peace parades? One might as well try to cure fever sores with ham rine.

And the patient is going to get sicker. The bad to-day will give place to a worse to-morrow, World war is competition's combination. This teeth-and-toe-nails civilization is one continuing warfare. A military clash is but the long commercial clash come to a head. Christendom has followed after the gods of economic greed. She has sown thistles and briers. And now, as the crop, a forest of bayonets, and lances pricking the landscape.

And will be. War is growing ever more fiend-

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ish. Almost may "civilization" be defined as a heightened warfare over the dull combats of savagery. Christendom displays its superiority over the uncivilized portions of the globe, by a war such as Mohammedans or Hindoos could never have exhibited. Murder machines are the crowning discovery of the age. With vast pains, melinite and lyddite have been invented, and slaughter weapons skilful to destroy. The devil has learned of late to deal destruction from the sky. In the heavens, in the earth, and in the waters under the earth, man has contrived against himself ingenious damnation. It almost seems as if "civilization" had a subconscious feeling of her unworthiness to continue—a feeling implanted by the Overruler? Who shall say?—and therefore has devised wonderful contrivances of self-destruction.

America thinks to be spared a visit of the destroying angel. Sundered from the war area by an ocean's width, she laughs Aha. And merrily annexes the trade territories of them that are now at combat. But let her not think to escape. Aggression into the markets of men, unchains the martial madness of men. If America waxes rich, and Europe poor, a flame will there kindle against her.

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Europe, now split, will be welded in the heat of a common indignation, and a common fear. Navies will converge on her from many parts, and America will also become a land whose first and principle business is warfare.

The Atlantic now is shrunk to what the North Sea was in the ante-steamship era. The North Sea in that day permitted the flames of war easily to overleap it. Let America continue her idolatry of the dollar, she will very soon have need of guns on her sea wall, as pickets on a fence for multitude. She will not say Aha, in that day when militarism has saddled a soldier on her every workingman's back. She too will drink of the cup; the cup large and deep. It holds much.

CHURCH OF THE REVOLUTION, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

We look forth on a rocking world; destruction upon destruction; so that the earth mourns and the heavens above are black. Is there then no hope? Yes. The Church of the Social Revolution has come up in the fulness of time. Earth is a gambler's wheel, and in the circle of the years has spun around at last to the right number. In bitterness

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and blood, the old order wherein man has lived until now, consumes a way. Its days are fulfilled. Its end has come.

Our Church is a foreordination. In this black and dark night we are fashioning a world-order to take the place of this world-chaos. We are creating a new thing in the earth, a race that shall rejoice in fellowship as misers in their gold, as a drunkard in his cups. Impossible to change human nature? To achieve the impossible, has the Revolution Church been born. In our singing you will detect a joyousness to tingle the ears of the eternal. Oft-times, impoverished, yet we are rewarded with a more pleasant and precious riches. Obscurity, houndings, imprisonment, find us to be comrades knit for adversity. A corpus christi are we, to get the hell out of this earth and let a little of heaven in.

We are girding a belt of brotherhood around the world; for our goings forth are to the ends of the earth. Nevertheless we attack not the principle of nationality. We decree a world of nations dwelling securely without armament; frontiers unfortified, yet inviolate. Man shall not be alien from man, as now. We are making him a new heart and a new spirit.

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There shall be no folk of the common sort. Our God has grace enough to make every man a nobleman, and every woman beautiful. The off-scouring and the refuse shall have inheritance with us. Bad are the pains of poverty. Bad, the ennui of riches. Both shall be done away. We exalt the laborer, and abase the leisurist. The producer shall not as now bring his neck under the yoke of an owning class. In gladness shall he create, and seek his immortality in that which his hands have wrought. The toiler shall eat and be satisfied. But idler, be they in rags, be they in tags, be they in velvet gowns, shall have hunger of bread. The craftsman shall be in great praise. Honor and majesty shall be laid upon him. Man shall not labor to be rich. Man shall labor to be creative. And earth shall be quickened to a rebirth in beauty. Beyond all conjecture is the sumptuousness that is laid up for earth, when man shall have dilated to the dimensions of an industrial democrat.

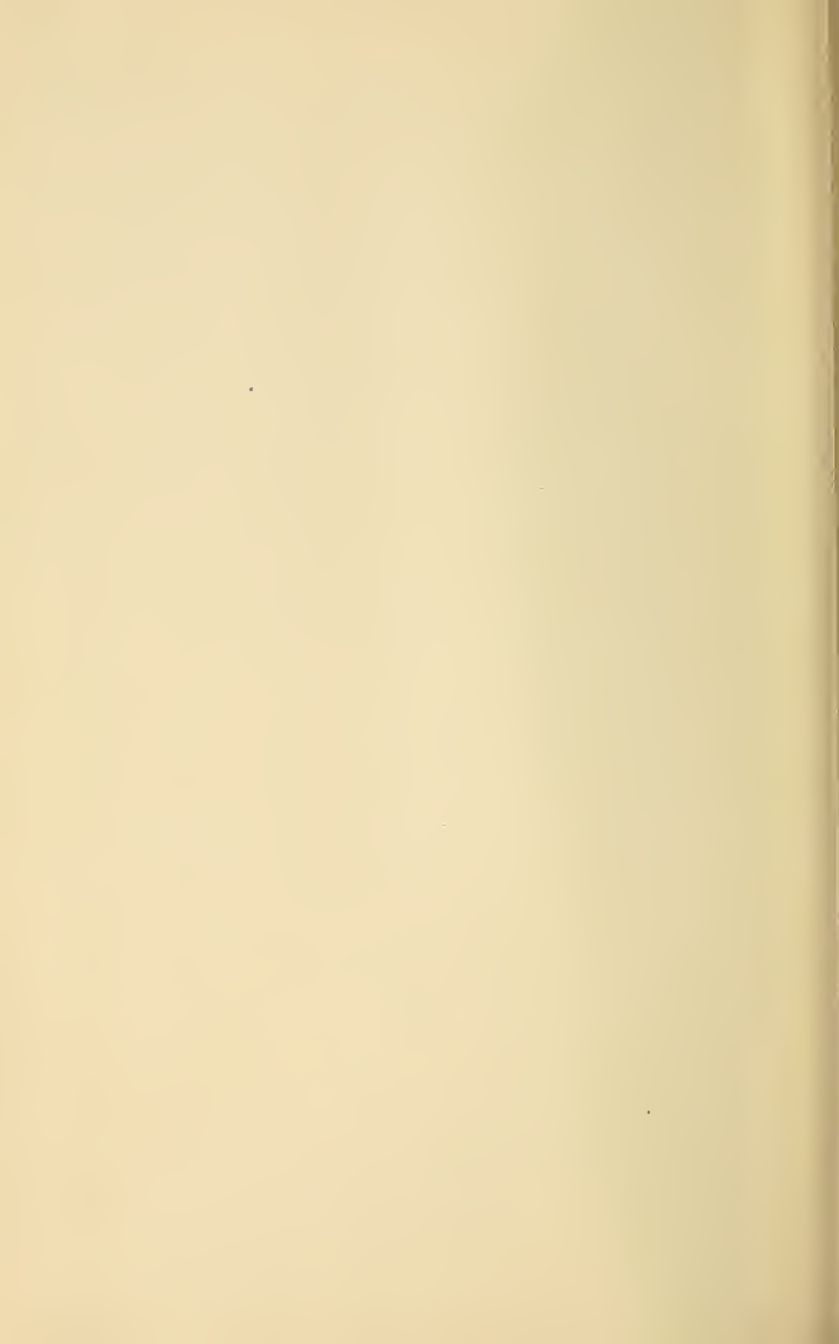
So shall the world go wealthy. The fool says, Wealth is commodities. But I say, the only wealth is beauty. A land may have things in all profusion; it may be moral as Cato or Aristides; and populous as the seashore sand. Lacking beauty it is a pauper

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land; whose name shall rot; commonplaceness shall name them for its own. Taste and grace, and harmony, sweet serenities of line, a refined and colorful handiwork, vision for the eye, and melody for the ear; in a word, all that makes for art and that brings it home into the folk life—these are more to be desired than gold. They are the true riches. Beauty is the crown and excellency of life, for which all else is raw material, and without which, possessions are a perishable nothingness.

With a plea for beauty, then, this message takes leave of you. It has brought you by now to see that the Church of the Social Revolution is not a disintegrator. We are pathmakers preparing a way for mankind when, from its orgy of blood, it awakes in a bewildering tomorrow. With one hand we tear down and pluck up. For the religion of dogma, we give the religion of democracy. For superstition, we give science. For the creeds, we give Carpenter, cornerstone of romance and divine adventure. For war, we give the pure, the gracious, the plentiful arts of peace. And God, Friend of Freedom, shall be prince forever.

BOUCK WHITE.



A Book Charged With the Noblest Power

"The Call of the Carpenter" is the first and only book which gives a true interpretation of Jesus and his monumental service to humanity. Bouck White has cleared away the rubbish with ruthless hand, removing the theological disguise, and revealing to us in palpitant flesh and blood the grand Galilean proletaire who was foully murdered by the Roman Empire twenty centuries ago. In a symposium to "Life" recently, to which I was asked to contribute, I named Bouck White's "Call of the Carpenter" as the greatest book I had read since "Les Miserables." I had a copy of it sent to George D. Herron, who is now in Italy. I have just received a letter from him giving his estimate of the work:

"I cannot thank you enough for sending me 'The Call of the Carpenter.' It is difficult to speak of the book without beginning at once with superlatives. It is the most dynamic and efficient interpretation of Jesus that has ever been written. It is a book that will as assuredly be one of the makers of history as was Rousseau's 'Social Contract.' Get it as widely as possible into the middle-class reading public. The book is a tremendous ally. It is charged with the deepest and noblest revolutionary power and efficiency. It is the product of immense brooding and vast study. Its writer must have been charged with the true heartache of the world."

Jesus belongs to the working class. I have always felt that he was my friend and comrade, and now since reading Bouck White's book I know it. The Roman Empire stole the Carpenter, after it crucified him. Bouck White has tracked the robbers step by step. He has restored Christ to the world's proletariat in which he was born, and whom he loved and served without the shadow of turning until their enemies spiked him to the cross. I thank Bouck White with all my heart for giving this great book to the world.—*Eugene V. Debs in "The Coming Nation," Chicago.*

Christianity Took Its Rise in An Economic Upheaval

Bouck White's "Call of the Carpenter" will give a new presentation of the Divine Man. The spirit of this book holds a reverent attitude towards Jesus. We are told that "He belonged to what is now known as the tin-dinner-pail crowd." The idea here is the simple truth. Bouck White sees in Jesus the man of the calloused hands; a man who came to destroy the civilization that makes the millions the slaves of the few—came to establish a kingdom that should be the brotherhood of humanity. But this brought him into conflict with the system. And this system put him forthwith to death. That system consisted chiefly of Roman Capitalists. Rome was a gigantic parasite; a hundred million were in penury in order that two hundred thousand might revel in lust and luxury. This volume shows that Jesus is rising more and more clearly into the world's consciousness, and that we must look to him for our light and leading in the grim life problems that confront us.

—*Edwin Markham in New York American.*

The Most Interesting Person in History

This is a book which everyone interested in the religion of Christ should read in order to get a correct idea of the gospel. It aims to make Jesus the most interesting person in history, in which it is a great success. A new interpretation of the life of Jesus, an interpretation reverent, yet most daring and revolutionary. It is a trumpet call to the leaders of Christianity to study anew the life of the Carpenter of Nazareth.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Based on Sound Scholarship

"The Carpenter and the Rich Man," with which Bouck White has followed his much talked of "Call of the Carpenter," is likely to attract as much attention as the earlier book. His interesting and forceful argument is that Christ was far more vigorous and militant in his attitude toward wealth than he has been represented by the long-accepted version of the Bible and by the orthodox expounding of it. He pictures a Christ less meek. The interest and importance of this representation depends upon the fact that Bouck White has been an actual student of the higher criticism of the Bible at Union Theological Seminary from which he graduated; and that he holds the theological schools of the country, and those professors and ministers who teach the higher criticism, to be doing more than any other group to advance the social revolution.—*Springfield Republican.*

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